

6998  
ALONZO THE BRAVE

AND

FAIR IMOGINE.

A BALLAD.

---

To which is added,

A

DESCRIPTION

OF A

BEAUTY AT — RACES.

A BALLAD.

---

*"Behold me, thou false one; behold me!" he cried;*

*"Remember ALONZO the Brave!*

*GOD grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,*

*My Ghost at thy Marriage should sit by thy side,*

*Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as Bride,*

*And bear thee away to the Grave!"*

---

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

# ALONZO THE BRAVE

AND

## FAIR IMOGINE.



### I.

A WARRIOR so bold and a Virgin so bright  
Convers'd, as they sat on the Green;  
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight!  
ALONZO the Brave was the name of the Knight—  
The Maid's was the Fair IMOGINE.

### II.

"And, oh!" said the Youth, "since to-morrow I go  
To fight in a far distant Land,  
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,  
Some other will court you, and you will bestow  
On a wealthier suitor your hand!"

### III.

"Oh, hush these suspicions," fair IMOGINE said,  
"Offensive to Love and to me!  
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,  
I swear by the VIRGIN, that none, in your stead,  
Shall Husband of IMOGINE be.

## IV.

If e'er I, by Lust or by Wealth led aside,  
 Forget my ALONZO the Brave,  
 God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,  
 Your Ghost at the Marriage may sit by my side;  
 May tax me with perjury, claim me as Bride—  
 And bear me away to the Grave!"

## V.

To Palestine hasten'd the Hero so bold;  
 His Love she lamented him sore:—  
 But, scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,  
 A Baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,  
 Arriv'd at Fair IMOGINE's door!

## VI.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain  
 Soon made her untrue to her vows:  
 He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain;  
 He caught her affections so light and so vain—  
 And carried her home as his spouse!

## VII.

And now had the Marriage been blest by the Priest;  
 The revelry now was begun;  
 The tables they groan'd with the weight of the Feast;  
 Nor yet had the Laughter and Merriment ceas'd,  
 When the Bell at the Castle toll'd—ONE!

## VIII.

Then first, with amazement, Fair IMOGINE found,  
 That a stranger was plac'd by her side:—  
 His air was terrific; he utter'd no sound;  
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around—  
 But earnestly gaz'd on the Bride!

## IX.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height;  
 His armour was fable to view:—  
 All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight;  
 The dogs, as they ey'd him, drew back in affright;  
 The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

## X.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;  
 The guests sat in silence and fear;  
 At length spoke the Bride, while she trembl'd,—“ I pray,  
 Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,  
 And deign to partake of our cheer!”

## XI.

The Lady is silent: the Stranger complies;  
 His vizor he slowly unclos'd:—  
 Oh, God! what a sight met fair IMOGINE's eyes!  
 What words can express her dismay and surprise,  
 When a Skeleton's Head was expos'd!

## XII.

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,  
 All turn'd with disgust from the scene;  
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,  
 And sported his eyes and his temples about,  
 While the Spectre address'd IMOGINE:—

## XIII.

“ Behold me, thou false one; behold me! he cried;  
 “ Remember ALONZO the Brave!  
 God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,  
 My Ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,  
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as Bride,  
 And bear thee away to the Grave!”

## XIV.

Thus saying, his arms round the Lady he wound,  
 While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;  
 Then sunk with his prey thro' the wide-yawning ground,  
 Nor ever again was fair IMOGINE found,  
 Or the Spectre who bore her away.

## XV.

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none since that time  
 To inhabit the Castle presume;  
 For Chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,  
 There IMOGINE suffers the pain of her crime,  
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

## XVI.

At midnight four times in each year does her Spright,  
 When mortals in slumber are bound,  
 Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,  
 Appear in the hall with the Skeleton Knight,  
 And shriek as he whirls her around!

## XVII.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,  
 Dancing round them the Spectres are seen:  
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave  
 They howl—"To the Health of ALONZO the Brave,  
 And his Consort, the False IMOGINE!"

A DESCRIPTION  
OF A  
BEAUTY AT — RACES.

---

A BALLAD.

---

## I.

O GEORGE, I've been, I'll tell you where,  
But first prepare yourself for raptures;  
To paint this charming, heavenly fair,  
And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.

## II.

Fine creatures I view'd many a one,  
With lovely shapes and angel faces;  
But I have seen them all out done,  
By this sweet maid, at — races.

## III.

Lords, Commoners, alike she rules,  
Takes all who view her by surprise,  
Makes e'en the wisest look like fools,  
Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise.

## IV.

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,  
Unspoil'd by art, or modern dress,  
But gently tapering by degrees,  
And finely, "beautifully less."

## V.

Her foot—it was so wonderous small,  
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,  
 The buckle fairly hid it all,  
 And seem'd to sink it with the weight.

## VI.

And just above the spangled shoe,  
 Where many an eye did often glance,  
 Sweetly retiring from the view,  
 And seen by stealth, and seen by chance;

## VII.

Two slender ankles peeping out,  
 Stood like Love's heralds, to declare  
 That all within the petticoat,  
 Was firm, and full, "and round, and fair."

## VIII.

And then she dances—better far  
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tell,  
 Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,  
 E'er mov'd so graceful, and so well.

## IX.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,  
 True as the echo to the sound,  
 She seems, as through the dance she skims,  
 To tread on air, and scorn the ground.

## X.

And there is lightning in her eye,  
 One glance alone might well inspire  
 The clay-cold breast of apathy,  
 Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

## XI.

And Zephyr on her lovely lips  
 Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses;  
 And there his heavenly nectar sips,  
 And there in breathing sweets reposes.

## XII.

And there's such music when she speaks,  
 You may believe me, when I tell ye,  
 I'd rather hear her than the squeaks  
 Or far-fam'd squalls of Gabrielli.

## XIII.

And sparkling wit, and steady sense,  
 In that fair form with beauty vie;  
 But ting'd with virgin diffidence,  
 And the soft blush of modesty.

## XIV.

Had I the treasures of the world,  
 All the sun views, or the seas borrow,  
 (Else may I to the devil be hurl'd)  
 I'd lay them at her feet-to-morrow.

## XV.

But as we Bards reap only Bays,  
 Nor much of that, though nought grows on it;  
 I'll beat my brains to found her praise,  
 And hammer them into a sonnet:

## XVI.

And if she deign one charming smile,  
 The blest reward of all my labours;  
 I'll never grudge my pains, or toil,  
 But pity the dull 'Squires, my neighbours.

F I N I S.

n it;